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EUGENE FIELD READER

BY
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SUPERINTENDENT OF SCHOOLS
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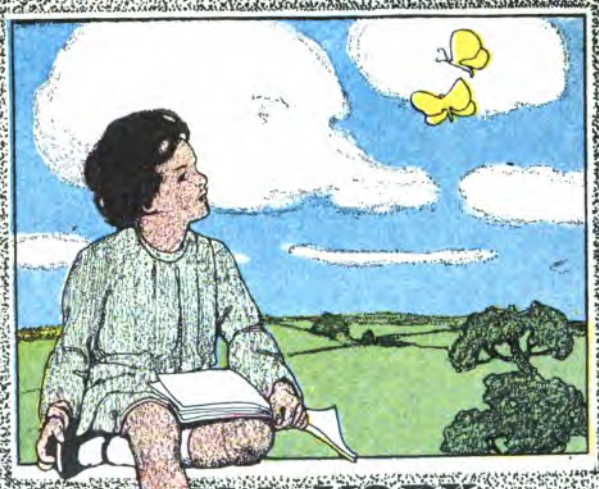

NEW YORK
CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS

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WITH TRUMPET AND DRUM

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LOVE SONGS OF CHILDHOOD

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TO

THE CHILDREN

WHOSE RICH INHERITANCE

IS THE SWEETEST AND THE BEST

FROM THE PEN OF HIM WHOM

ALL KNOW BUT TO

LOVE

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EUGENE·FIELD READER

INTRODUCTION

THE poems of Eugene Field appeal to the natural instincts of childhood. He is distinctly the poet of the young. His poems abound in sentiments and allusions which touch life and experience at an early period. "Verse preceded prose in the literary evolution of the race; by reason of both form and substance it should be the staple of literary diet and primary education."

In reading poetry to little children, it is well to bear in mind that many selections may be made enjoyable, and that much profit may be derived, even though the meaning may not be grasped in its entirety. Children love to listen to the reading of poems and of stories in which the human element plays an important part; especially is this true when the sports, games, experiences, and life, through which most children pass, are made prominent features.

Rhythm is natural to children. The melodic swing of words and phrases—the jingle—arouse interest, stimulate attention, and pave the way to more formal work.

In the book here presented, great care has been exercised in the selection of the poems upon which the reading lessons stand. The stories which these poems tell constitute the elements which are to open the door into the reading world.

This book is intended for use during the first year of children at school. The lessons are regularly graded, and the progressive steps are natural and logical. The subject matter deals with the things with which childhood is almost constantly surrounded. It will thus be seen that the children are not only dwelling in a real, tangible world—talking about real things—but in addition, that they are constantly journeying into a shadow world—the world of imagination—in which are spent the happiest moments of childlife.

The book is pedagogical in that it recognizes that interest lies at the foundation of mental growth. With this end in view, it is suggested that the story of the poem be first told by the teacher. This should be followed by its reading by the teacher. Then opportunity should be given for expression on the part of the children. This should consist of oral reproduction, of illustrations with the brush, blackboard sketches, and by cutting. Children love to act. The dramatizing instinct develops the imagination, and may serve as an

incentive to language work. After having read the lesson following each poem, even though unable to read the poem itself, the children should be encouraged to find the familiar words in it.

It may be seen that by following some such suggestions as those named above, there will be some objective point toward which the children are travelling, and, as a consequence, the mental faculties will be alert.

It is dull work for children to attempt to master a reading lesson in which no initial interest has been awakened. Anticipating this thought, this book uses such principles as a basis.

The lessons are the result of school-room experience, based upon the poems given, and developed with the children, and are therefore believed to be teachable.

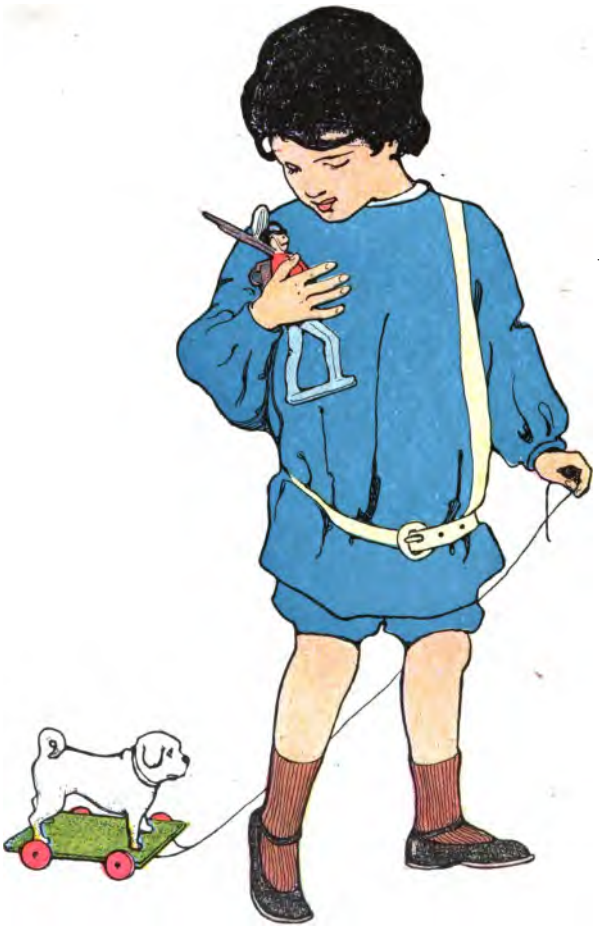
With the hope that this little book may find its way into the hearts and lives of the boys and girls—the little men and women of to-day—it is sent forth on its mission.

LITTLE BOY BLUE

The little toy dog is covered with dust,
But sturdy and stanch he stands;
And the little toy soldier is red with rust,
And his musket moulds in his hands.
Time was when the little toy dog was new,
And the soldier was passing fair;
And that was the time when our Little Boy Blue
Kissed them and put them there.

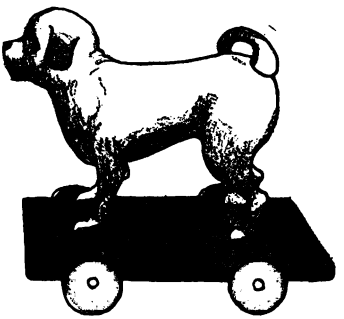
"Now, don't you go till I come," he said,
"And don't you make any noise!"
So, toddling off to his trundle-bed,
He dreamt of the pretty toys;
And, as he was dreaming, an angel song
Awakened our Little Boy Blue—
Oh! the years are many, the years are long,
But the little toy friends are true!

Ay, faithful to Little Boy Blue they stand,
Each in the same old place—
Awaiting the touch of a little hand,
The smile of a little face;
And they wonder, as waiting the long years through
In the dust of that little chair,
What has become of our Little Boy Blue,
Since he kissed them and put them there.



Little Boy Blue

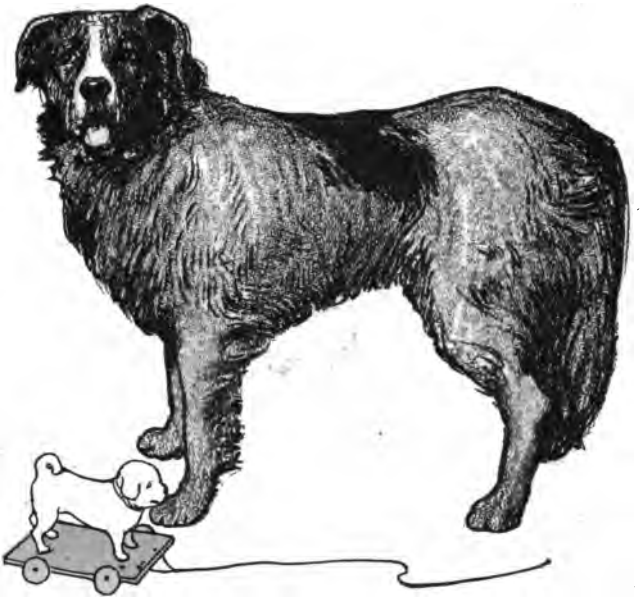
Little Tin Soldier



Little Toy Dog

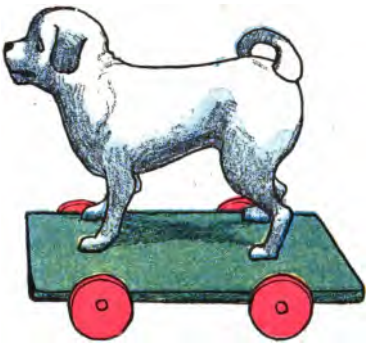
This is Little Boy Blue.
Can you see Little Boy Blue?
Little Boy Blue, I can see you.
How do you do, Little Boy Blue?
Little Boy Blue has a cap.
His cap is blue.
He has a blouse.
His blouse is blue.
He has red stockings.
Little Boy Blue has a blue cap, a blue blouse, and red stockings.

This is a little tin soldier.
The soldier has a cap.
His cap is black.
He has a coat.
It is a red coat.
The soldier has a gun.
Can he fire the gun?
No, for he is a little tin soldier.
Can he talk?
No, he cannot talk.
He is a toy soldier.
This is Little Boy Blue's tin soldier.



DAN

Little Boy Blue has a dog.
The dog's name is Dan.
He has a little toy dog.
The toy dog's name is Zip.
Dan is a big dog.



ZIP

Zip is a little dog.
Little Boy Blue loves Dan.
He loves Zip, too.
Dan loves Little Boy Blue.
Dan can talk and bark.
Zip cannot bark.
He is a toy dog.
Toy dogs do not bark.
Zip is Little Boy Blue's toy dog.

I am Little Boy Blue.
See my toys!
This is my tin soldier.
See his black cap and red coat!
My blouse is blue.
My tin soldier has a gun.
I am a soldier, too.
I have a gun.
See Dan!
Dan is my big dog.
Dan has a black and white coat.
See Zip!
Zip is my little toy dog.
Dan talks to Zip.
He says, "Bow-wow, how do you do, Zip?"
Zip cannot say "Bow-wow."

Little Boy Blue has a toy dog and a tin soldier.
He talks to them.
"How do you do, little soldier?"
"Little toy dog, how do you do?"
"I love you, little tin soldier."
"Little toy dog, I love you."
Little Boy Blue puts his toys to sleep.
He puts them in his chair.
"Good-night, little dog."
"Good-night, little soldier."

"Now, don't you go till I come," he said
"And don't you make any noise."
So toddling off to his trundle-bed,
He dreamt of the pretty toys.

WITH TRUMPET AND DRUM

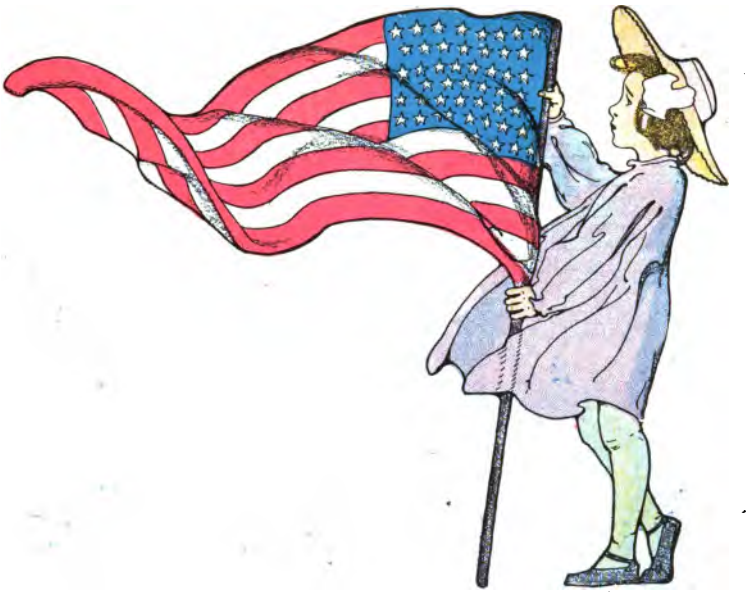
With big tin trumpet and little red drum,
Marching like soldiers, the children come!
  It's this way and that way they circle and file—
    My! but that music of theirs is fine!
  This way and that way, and after a while
    They march straight into this heart of mine!
A sturdy old heart, but it has to succumb
To the blare of that trumpet and beat of that drum!

Come on, little people, from cot and from hall—
This heart it hath welcome and room for you all!
  It will sing you its songs and warm you with love,
    As your dear little arms with my arms intertwine;
  It will rock you away to the dreamland above—
    Oh, a jolly old heart is this old heart of mine,
And jollier still is it bound to become
When you blow that big trumpet and beat that red drum!

So come; though I see not *his* dear little face
And hear not *his* voice in this jubilant place,
  I know he were happy to bid me enshrine
    His memory deep in my heart with your play—
  Ah me! but a love that is sweeter than mine
    Holdeth my boy in its keeping to-day!
And my heart it is lonely—so, little folk, come,
March in and make merry with trumpet and drum!

See the boy with the drum.
The drum is red.
Can you see the drum?
I can see the drum.
Can you beat the drum?
There are two sticks.
They are drum sticks.
The boy beats the drum with the sticks.
The drum says "r-r-rat-tat-tat, tum-titty-um-tum-tum."

See the boy with the trumpet.
The trumpet is big.
It is a big tin trumpet.
The boy blows the trumpet.
Can you blow the trumpet?
The big tin trumpet says "tooty-tooty-toot."



See the girl with the flag.
It is our country's flag.
See the stars and stripes.
The stars are white.
The stripes are red and white.
There is blue in the flag.
The white stars are in a field of blue.
The little girl waves the flag.
Hurrah for our country's flag!
Wave the flag! Hurrah!

THE DRUM

I'm a beautiful red, red drum,
And I train with the soldier boys;
As up the street we come,
Wonderful is our noise!
There's Tom, and Jim, and Phil,
And Dick, and Nat, and Fred,
While Widow Cutler's Bill
And I march on ahead,
With a r-r-rat-tat-tat,
And a tum-titty-um-tum-tum—
Oh, there's bushels of fun in that
For boys with a little red drum!

The Injuns came last night
While the soldiers were abed
And they gobbled a Chinese kite
And off to the woods they fled!
The woods are the cherry-trees
Down in the orchard lot,
And the soldiers are marching to seize
The booty the Injuns got,
With tum-titty-um-tum-tum,
And r-r-rat-tat-tat,
When soldiers marching come
Injuns had better scat!

Step up there, little Fred,
And, Charley, have a mind!
Jim is as far ahead
As you two are behind!
Ready with gun and sword
Your valorous work to do—
Yonder the Injun horde
Are lying in wait for you.
And their hearts go pitapat
When they hear the soldiers come
With a r-r-rat-tat-tat
And a tum-titty-um-tum-tum!

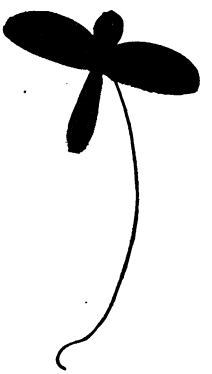
Course it's all in play!
The skulking Injun crew
That hustled the kite away
Are little white boys, like you!
But "honest" or "just in fun,"
It is all the same to me;
And, when the battle is won,
Home once again march we
With a r-r-rat-tat-tat
And tum-titty-um-tum-tum;
And there's glory enough in that
For the boys with their little red drum!

I am a beautiful red, red drum.
I have two sticks.
They are drum sticks.
The children love to play with me.
They play they are soldier boys.
They beat me with the drum sticks,
and I make a great noise.
I say "r-r-rat-tat-tat, tum-titty-um-tum-tum.".
Get ready to march, boys.

OUR FLAG

"'T is the star-spangled banner,
Oh! long may it wave
O'er the land of the free
And the home of the brave."

We play we are Indians, and live in the woods.
The woods are the cherry-trees.
Indians live in a wigwam.
We play we live in a wigwam.
We have a kite.
It is a soldier boy's kite.
The soldier boys cannot find the kite, for we have it.
We shall hide it in the cherry-tree.
When the soldiers march after it, we shall run and hide in the wigwam.



We are little soldier boys.
Tom is our captain.
See our beautiful red drum.
Bill beats the drum with the drum sticks.
Tom says, "The Indians have our kite.
They are in the woods.
We must march to the woods and get the kite."
Bill beats the drum, and it says, "Mark time!"
Tom says, "Soldiers, mark time! left, right; left, right; forward, march!"
When the Indians see us, they will run.
Then we shall get the kite.
See us march!
Hurrah! now we shall have the kite!
See the Indians run!
Hurrah for the soldier boys!

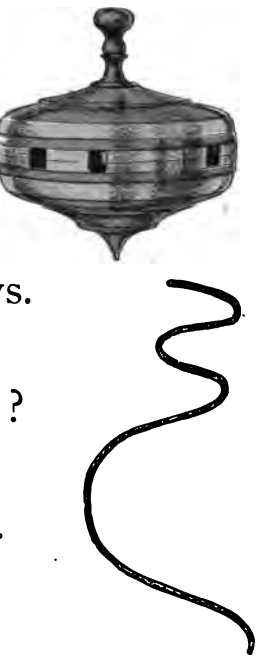
THE HUMMING TOP

The top it hummeth a sweet, sweet song
To my dear little boy at play—
Merrily singeth all day long,
As it spinneth and spinneth away.
And my dear little boy
He laugheth with joy
When he heareth the monotone
Of that busy thing
That loveth to sing
The song that is all its own.

Hold fast the string and wind it tight,
That the song be loud and clear;
Now hurl the top with all your might
Upon the banquette here;
And straight from the string
The joyous thing
Boundeth and spinneth along,
And it whirrs and it chirrs
And it birrs and it purrs
Ever its pretty song.

Will ever my dear little boy grow old,
As some have grown before?
Will ever his heart feel faint and cold,
When he heareth the songs of yore?
Will ever this toy
Of my dear little boy,

When the years have worn away,
Sing sad and low
Of the long ago,
As it singeth to me to-day?



I am a humming top.
I can spin.
I hum and sing all day.
I am Fred's humming top.
Fred is one of the soldier boys.
Fred laughs when I sing.
Can you spin a humming top?
Can you make me sing?
You must hold fast the string.
Then wind the string tightly.
Now pull the string quickly.
Now drop me to the floor.
Hear me sing! I love to sing.
My song is "Whir-r-r, chir-r-r, bir-r-r, pur-r-r."

GOOD-CHILDREN STREET

There's a dear little home in Good-Children street—
My heart turneth fondly to-day
Where tinkle of tongues and patter of feet
Make sweetest of music at play;
Where the sunshine of love illumines each face
And warms every heart in that old-fashioned place.

For dear little children go romping about
With dollies and tin tops and drums,
And, my! how they frolic and scamper and shout
Till bedtime too speedily comes!
Oh, days they are golden and days they are fleet
With little folk living in Good-Children street!

See, here comes an army with guns painted red,
And swords, caps, and plumes of all sorts;
The captain rides gayly and proudly ahead
On a stick-horse that prances and snorts!
Oh, legions of soldiers you're certain to meet—
Nice make-believe soldiers—in Good-Children street!

And yonder Odette wheels her dolly about—
Poor dolly! I'm sure she is ill,
For one of her blue china eyes has dropped out
And her voice is asthmatic'ly shrill.
Then, too, I observe she is minus her feet,
Which causes much sorrow in Good-Children street.

'T is so the dear children go romping about
With dollies and banners and drums,
And I venture to say they are sadly put out
When an end to their jubilee comes;
Oh, days they are golden and days they are fleet
With little folk living in Good-Children street!

But when falleth night over river and town,
Those little folk vanish from sight,
And an angel all white from the sky cometh down
And guardeth the babes through the night,
And singeth her lullabies tender and sweet
To the dear little people in Good-Children street.

Though elsewhere the world be o'erburdened with care
Though poverty fall to my lot,
Though toil and vexation be always my share,
What care I—they trouble me not!
This thought maketh life ever joyous and sweet:
There's a dear little home in Good-Children street.

There's a dear little home in Good-Children street.
Odette lives in the dear little home.
Many other children live in Good-Children street.

What kind of children do you think they are?

The children in this street are always happy.

They romp and play till bedtime comes.

They have dollies, and tin tops, and drums.

Odette's dolly has a carriage.
She wheels her dolly about in the carriage.
Odette's dolly has only one eye, and no feet; but it can cry.
Odette says, "My dolly is ill, so I wheel her about in the carriage."
Poor dolly! all the children are sorry.

See, here comes an army of soldier boys.
Listen to what they say:
"We are not real soldiers.
We are make-believe soldiers.
Make-believe soldiers all live in Good-Children street.
Some of us carry *guns;* others carry *swords.*
Our guns are painted red.

Our swords are made of wood.
They are not real guns and swords,
but just make-believe.
The captain rides at the head.
He rides *a make-believe horse.*
It is a stick-horse that prances and snorts.
The captain says, 'Wave the *flag!*
blow the *trumpet!* beat the *drum!*
Mark time! left, right; left, right;
forward, march.'
Here come the soldiers of Good-Children
street."

THE SHUT-EYE TRAIN

Come, my little one, with me!
There are wondrous sights to see
As the evening shadows fall;
In your pretty cap and gown,
Don't detain
The Shut-Eye train—
"Ting-a-ling!" the bell it goeth,
"Toot-toot!" the whistle bloweth,
And we hear the warning call;
"*All aboard for Shut-Eye Town!*"

Over hill and over plain
Soon will speed the Shut-Eye train!
Through the blue where bloom the stars
And the Mother Moon looks down
We'll away
To land of Fay—
Oh, the sights that we shall see there!
Come, my little one, with me there—
'Tis a goodly train of cars—
All aboard for Shut-Eye Town!

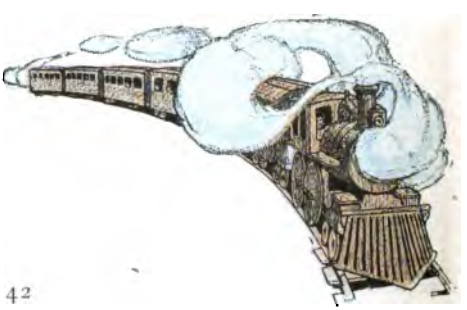
Swifter than a wild bird's flight,
Through the realms of fleecy light
We shall speed and speed away!
Let the Night in envy frown—

What care we
How wroth she be!
To the Balow-land above us,
To the Balow-folk who love us,
Let us hasten while we may—
All aboard for Shut-Eye Town!

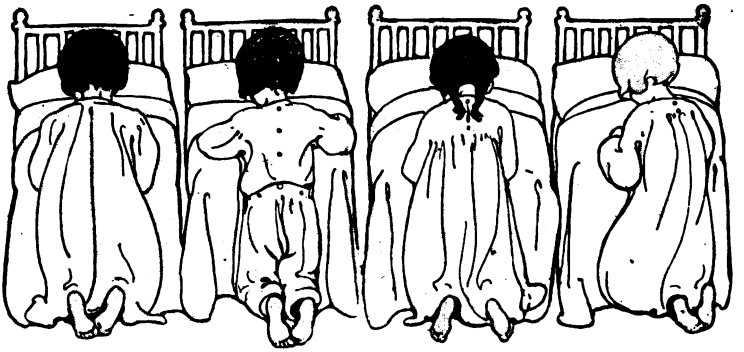
Shut-Eye Town is passing fair—
Golden dreams await us there;
We shall dream those dreams, my dear,
Till the Mother Moon goes down—
See unfold
Delights untold!
And in those mysterious places
We shall see beloved faces
And beloved voices hear
In the grace of Shut-Eye Town!

Heavy are your eyes, my sweet,
Weary are your little feet—
Nestle closer up to me
In your pretty cap and gown;
Don't detain
The Shut-Eye train!
"Ting-a-ling!" the bell it goeth,
"Toot-toot!" the whistle bloweth—
Oh, the sights that we shall see!
All aboard for Shut-Eye Town!

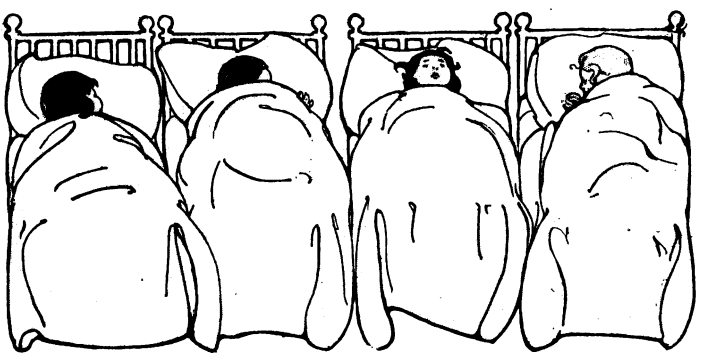
"Let us go to Shut-Eye Town."
This is what the little children
of Good-Children street say when
night comes.
They put on their little caps and gowns.
The bell says, "ting-a-ling!"
The whistle says, "toot-toot!"
The children all cry, "Here comes
the Shut-Eye
train!
All aboard for
Shut-Eye
Town!"



"Oh, the sights that we shall see there!
Come, my little one, with me there—
'Tis a goodly train of cars—
All aboard for Shut-Eye Town!"
Do you know the road of the Shut-Eye train?
The road is blue like the sky,
and white like the clouds.
It has the night all around it, but it is not dark.



It is not dark, because all the beautiful stars bloom over it.
The big Mother Moon lights it.
Over this road the Shut-Eye train goes as swiftly as a bird flies.
"'Ting-a-ling!' the bell it goeth,
'Toot-toot!' the whistle bloweth—
Oh, the sights that we shall see!
All aboard for Shut-Eye Town!"



THE SUGAR-PLUM TREE

Have you ever heard of the Sugar-Plum Tree?
'Tis a marvel of great renown!
It blooms on the shore of the Lollipop sea
In the garden of Shut-Eye Town;
The fruit that it bears is so wondrously sweet
(As those who have tasted it say)
That good little children have only to eat
Of that fruit to be happy next day.

When you've got to the tree, you would have a hard time
To capture the fruit which I sing;
The tree is so tall that no person could climb
To the boughs where the sugar-plums swing!
But up in that tree sits a chocolate cat,
And a gingerbread dog prowls below—
And this is the way you contrive to get at
Those sugar-plums tempting you so:

You say but the word to that gingerbread dog
And he barks with such terrible zest
That the chocolate cat is at once all agog,
As her swelling proportions attest.
And the chocolate cat goes cavorting around
From this leafy limb unto that,
And the sugar-plums tumble, of course, to the ground—
Hurrah for that chocolate cat!

There are marsh-mallows, gumdrops, and peppermint canes,
With stripings of scarlet or gold,
And you carry away of the treasure that rains
As much as your apron can hold!
So come, little child, cuddle closer to me
In your dainty white nightcap and gown,
And I'll rock you away to that Sugar-Plum Tree
In the garden of Shut-Eye Town.

This is a sugar-plum tree.
Have you ever seen a sugar-plum tree?
It grows in the garden of Shut-Eye Town.
It is the tree on which the candy grows.
When good children eat the fruit that grows on the sugar-plum tree, it is said to make them very happy.
This tree is very tall.
The sugar-plums grow at the top.
The tree grows so tall that the children cannot climb to the sugar-plums.
The children of Good-Children street all go to Shut-Eye Town when night comes.

They go on the Shut-Eye train by the light
of the big Mother Moon.
The birds cannot fly so swiftly
as the Shut-Eye train can go.

When the children reach Shut-Eye Town,
there are so many things to do.
"What shall we do first?" the children say.
"Let us go to the garden
where the sugar-plum grows."
They run swiftly to the garden.
There they see the tall tree.
They cannot climb it, it is so tall.
"Oh, how can we get the sugar-plums?"
they say.
"See, there is a chocolate cat in the tree!"
Under the tree they spy a dog—a ginger,
bread dog.
The children all laugh.
They say, "Sick-um!" to the gingerbread dog.
The dog barks loudly at the chocolate cat.

The cat says, "Fst! f-s-s-s-t! fst! fst! fst! Me-ow! me-ow!" and runs all over the tree. And what do you think happens?

The dog barks so loudly, and the cat runs so swiftly, the candy all comes tumbling down from the sugar-plum tree.

This is the garden
of Shut-Eye Town.

This is the Sugar-Plum Tree
that grows in the garden
of Shut-Eye Town.

This is the Chocolate Cat
that sits in the Sugar-Plum
Tree
that grows in the garden
of Shut-Eye Town.

This is the Gingerbread Dog
that barks at the Chocolate Cat
that sits in the Sugar-Plum Tree
that grows in the garden
of Shut-Eye Town.

This is the fruit
that falls to the ground
when the Gingerbread Dog
barks at the Chocolate Cat

that sits in the Sugar-Plum Tree
that grows in the garden of Shut-Eye Town.

We are the Children from Good-Children street
who eat of the fruit that falls to the ground when the Gingerbread Dog
barks at the Chocolate Cat
that sits in the Sugar-Plum Tree
that grows in the garden of Shut-Eye Town.

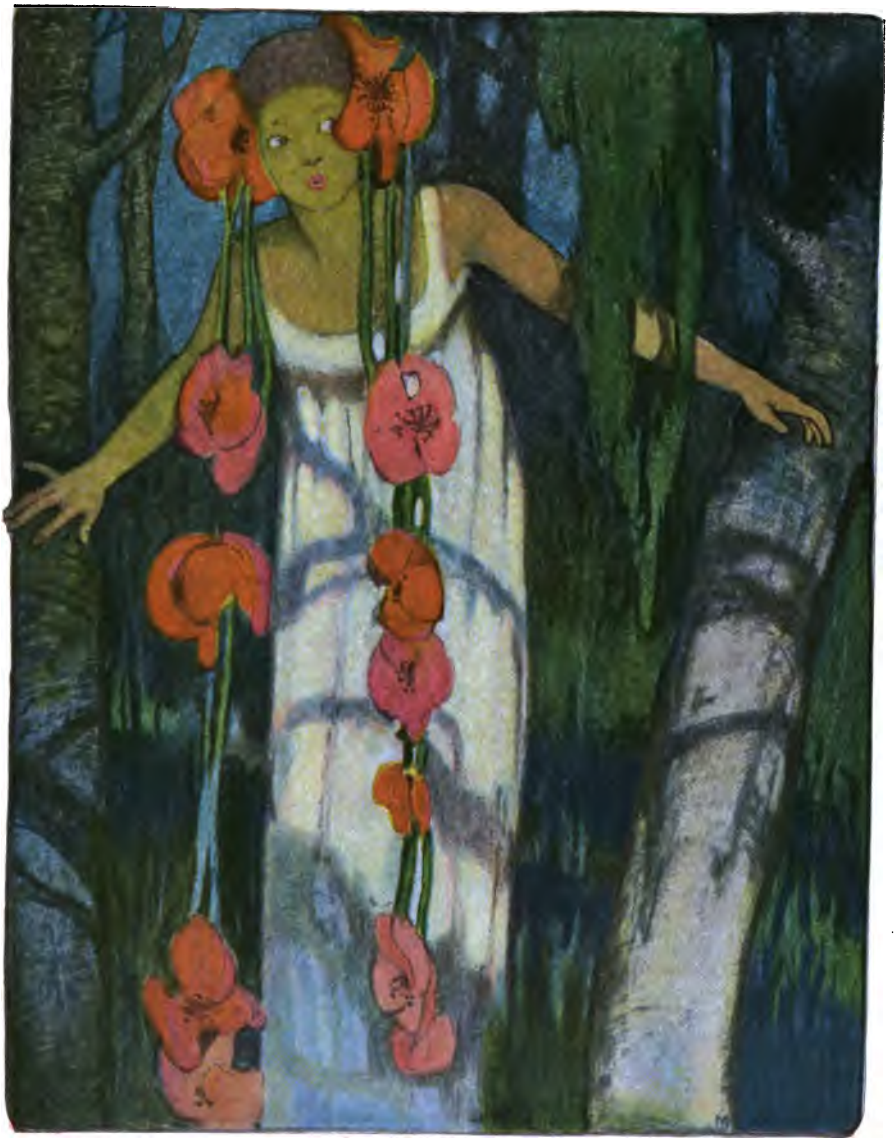
THE ROCK–A–BY LADY

The Rock-a-By Lady from Hushaby street
Comes stealing; comes creeping;
The poppies they hang from her head to her feet,
And each hath a dream that is tiny and fleet—
She bringeth her poppies to you, my sweet,
When she findeth you sleeping!

There is one little dream of a beautiful drum—
"Rub-a-dub!" it goeth;
There is one little dream of a big sugar-plum,
And lo! thick and fast the other dreams come
Of pop-guns that bang, and tin tops that hum,
And a trumpet that bloweth!

And dollies peep out of those wee little dreams
With laughter and singing;
And boats go a-floating on silvery streams,
And the stars peek-a-boo with their own misty gleams,
And up, up, and up, where the Mother Moon beams,
The fairies go winging!

Would you dream all these dreams that are tiny and fleet?
They'll come to you sleeping;
So shut the two eyes that are weary, my sweet,
For the Rock-a-By Lady from Hushaby street,
With poppies that hang from her head to her feet,
Comes stealing; comes creeping.



"I am the Rock-a-By Lady from Hushaby street.

Hushaby street is in Shut-Eye Town.
Do you see my flowers?
These flowers are poppies."
A Rock-a-By Lady always carries poppies.
Poppies are filled with sleep.
Every big poppy and every little poppy has a dream in it.
Shall I tell you some of the dreams I bring to the children who come to Shut-Eye Town?
When the children of Good-Children street come to Shut-Eye Town, I give them poppies.
Every little boy and every little girl gets a poppy with a dream in it.
There is one little dream of a beautiful drum that says, "Rub-a-dub."
This flower, I give to Fred.

There is one little dream of a big sugar-plum.
This flower, I give to Nat.
The dream of the trumpet is for Tom.
I have dreams of pop-guns that bang, and tin tops that hum.
Some poppies have dreams of beautiful dollies in them.
These dollies can laugh, and cry, and sing.
They can talk and walk about.

"And boats go a-floating
on silvery streams,
And the stars peek-a-boo
with their own misty gleams,
And up, up, and up,
where the Mother Moon beams,
The fairies go winging!"

THE DUEL

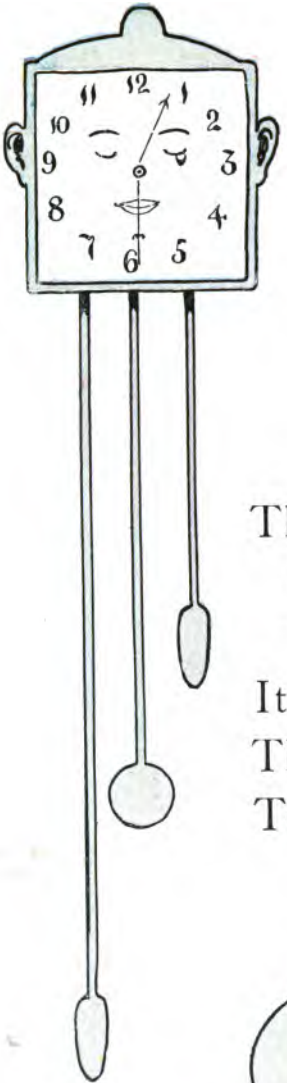
The gingham dog and the calico cat
Side by side on the table sat;
'T was half-past twelve, and (what do you think!)
Nor one nor t'other had slept a wink!
The old Dutch clock and the Chinese plate
Appeared to know as sure as fate
There was going to be a terrible spat.
(I wasn't there: I simply state
What was told to me by the Chinese plate!)

The gingham dog went "Bow-wow-wow!"
And the calico cat replied "Mee-ow!"
The air was littered, an hour or so,
With bits of gingham and calico,
While the old Dutch clock in the chimney-place
Up with its hands before its face,
For it always dreaded a family row!
(Now mind: I'm only telling you
What the old Dutch clock declares is true!)

The Chinese plate looked very blue,
And wailed, "Oh, dear! what shall we do!"
But the gingham dog and the calico cat
Wallowed this way and tumbled that,

Employing every tooth and claw
In the awfullest way you ever saw—
And, oh! how the gingham and calico flew!
(Don't fancy I exaggerate—
I got my news from the Chinese plate!)

Next morning, where the two had sat
They found no trace of dog or cat;
And some folks think unto this day
That burglars stole that pair away!
But the truth about the cat and pup
Is this: they ate each other up!
Now what do you really think of that!
(The old Dutch clock it told me so,
And that is how I came to know.)



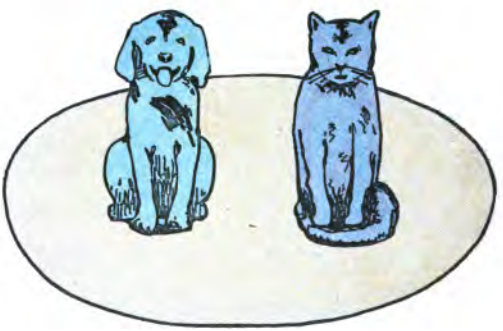
Strange things happen in Shut-Eye Town.

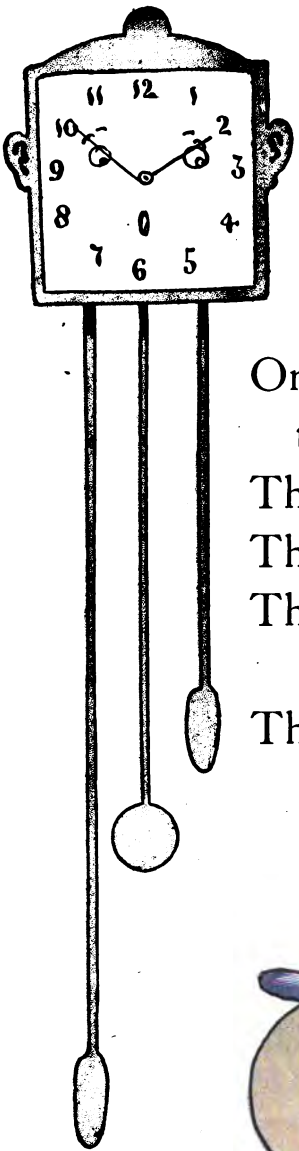
The Dutch clock and the Chinese plate told this story to the children of Good-Children street.

The Chinese plate said, "There was once a dog in Shut-Eye Town.

It was a gingham dog.

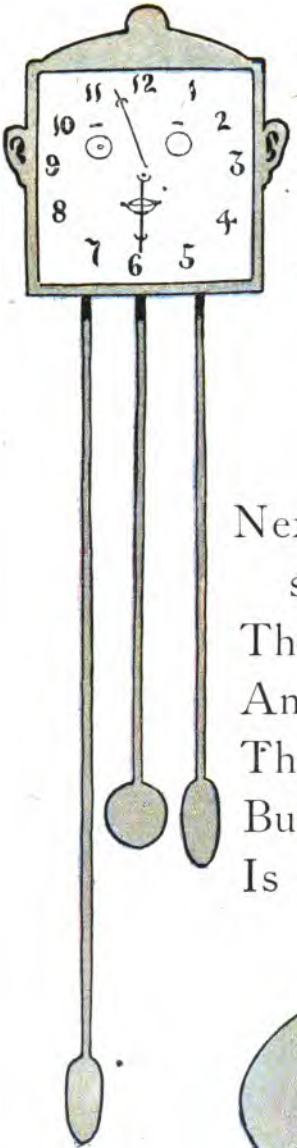
There was also a cat in Shut-Eye Town.





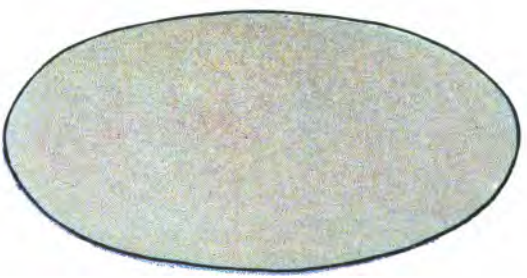
It was a calico cat.
They sat side by side on the table.

One night the Dutch clock heard the dog say, 'Bow-wow.'
The cat said, 'Me-ow, me-ow.'
Then what do you think happened?
The dog jumped at the cat, and the cat jumped at the dog.
The clock was so frightened it put its hands before its face.



'When I looked,'
said the plate,
'I saw them
tumbling about.
The air was filled
with bits of gingham and
calico.

Next morning, where the two had
sat,
They found no trace of dog or cat.
And some folks think unto this day
That burglars stole that pair away;
But the truth about the cat and pup
Is this: they ate each other up.'"



WYNKEN, BLYNKEN, AND NOD

Wynken, Blynken, and Nod one night
Sailed off in a wooden shoe—
Sailed on a river of crystal light,
Into a sea of dew.
"Where are you going, and what do you wish?"
The old moon asked the three.
"We have come to fish for the herring fish
That live in this beautiful sea;
Nets of silver and gold have we!"
Said Wynken,
Blynken,
And Nod.

The old moon laughed and sang a song,
As they rocked in the wooden shoe,
And the wind that sped them all night long
Ruffled the waves of dew.
The little stars were the herring fish
That lived in that beautiful sea—
"Now cast your nets wherever you wish—
Never afeard are we;"
So cried the stars to the fishermen three:
Wynken,
Blynken,
And Nod.

All night long their nets they threw
To the stars in the twinkling foam;
Then down from the skies came the wooden shoe,
Bringing the fishermen home.
'T was all so pretty a sail it seemed
As if it could not be,
And some folks thought 't was a dream they dreamed
Of sailing that beautiful sea—
But I shall name you the fishermen three:
Wynken,
Blynken,
And Nod.

Wynken and Blynken are two little eyes,
And Nod is a little head,
And the wooden shoe that sailed the skies
Is a wee one's trundle-bed.
So shut your eyes while mother sings
Of wonderful sights that be,
And you shall see the beautiful things
As you rock in the misty sea,
Where the old shoe rocked the fishermen three:
Wynken,
Blynken,
And Nod.

Here are Wynken, Blynken, and Nod.
They are in Shut-Eye Town.
They have been to Hushaby street
to see the Rock-a-By Lady.
Wynken, Blynken, and Nod are going
for a sail.
Their boat is a big wooden shoe.
They sail, and sail, and sail, and come
to a big sea of light.
The big Mother Moon is there.
The Moon says, "Where are you go-
ing, and what do you wish?"
"We have come to fish for the her-
ring fish that live in this beauti-
ful sea.
We have nets with which to catch
the fish.
Our nets are made of gold and silver."
The big Mother Moon laughs and
sings a song to Wynken, Blyn-
ken, and Nod.

She tells them the herring fish are the little stars.

The stars say, "You may cast your nets wherever you wish. We are not afraid."

So Wynken, Blynken, and Nod sail and rock all night in the wooden shoe.

They put their nets out into the beautiful sea.

They fish for the little stars.

When the night has gone, Wynken, Blynken, and Nod can not see the little fish in the beautiful sea.

Then down from the skies comes the wooden shoe, bringing the fishermen home to Good-Children street.

LITTLE-OH-DEAR

See, what a wonderful garden is here,
Planted and trimmed for my Little-Oh-Dear!
Posies so gaudy and grass of such brown—
Search ye the country and hunt ye the town,
And never ye'll meet with a garden so queer
As this one I've made for my Little-Oh-Dear!

Marigolds white and buttercups blue,
Lilies all dabbled with honey and dew,
The cactus that trails over trellis and wall,
Roses and pansies and violets—all
Make proper obeisance and reverent cheer
When into her garden steps Little-Oh-Dear.

And up at the top of that lavender-tree
A silver-bird singeth as only can she;
For, ever and only, she singeth the song
"I love you—I love you!" the happy day long;
Then the echo—the echo that smiteth me here:
"I love you—I love you," my Little-Oh-Dear!

The garden may wither, the silver-bird fly,
But what careth my little precious, or I?
From her pathway of flowers that in spring-time upstart
She walketh the tenderer way in my heart;
And, oh, it is always the summer-time here
With that song of "I love you," my Little-Oh-Dear!

I am Little-Oh-Dear.
This is my garden.
My papa made this garden for me.
Is it not a beautiful garden?
There are many kinds of flowers in it.
Some are white flowers.
Some flowers are blue.
Others are yellow.
Some are red, and some are violet.
I have roses, pansies, and lilies.
I love my garden.
When I come into this garden, the flowers all nod their heads to me.
I love the bird that sings in the tree.
The bird's song is, "I love you—
I love you, Little-Oh-Dear!"

THE RIDE TO BUMPVILLE

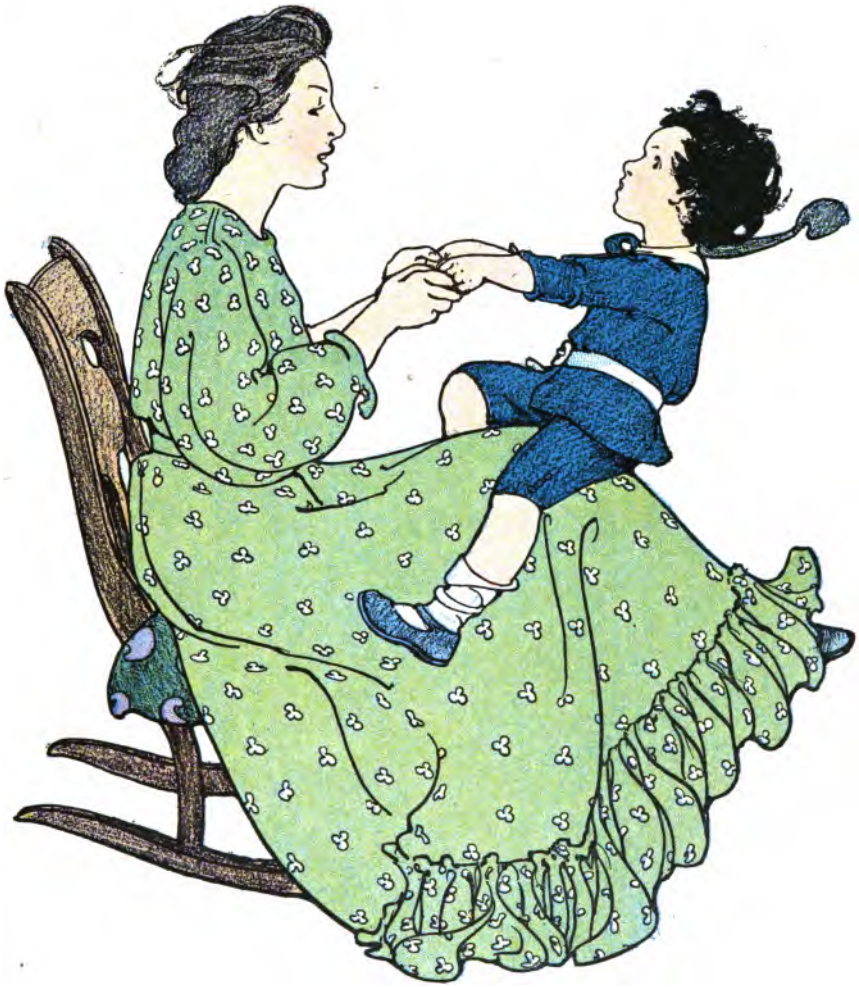
Play that my knee was a calico mare
  Saddled and bridled for Bumpville;
Leap to the back of this steed, if you dare,
  And gallop away to Bumpville!
I hope you'll be sure to sit fast in your seat,
For this calico mare is prodigiously fleet,
And many adventures you're likely to meet
  As you journey along to Bumpville.

This calico mare both gallops and trots
  While whisking you off to Bumpville;
She paces, she shies, and she stumbles, in spots,
  In the tortuous road to Bumpville;
And sometimes this strangely mercurial steed
Will suddenly stop and refuse to proceed,
Which, all will admit, is vexatious indeed,
  When one is en route to Bumpville!

She's scared of the cars when the engine goes
    "Toot!"
  Down by the crossing at Bumpville;
You'd better look out for that treacherous brute
  Bearing you off to Bumpville!
With a snort she rears up on her hindermost heels,
And executes jigs and Virginia reels—
Words fail to explain how embarrassed one feels
  Dancing so wildly to Bumpville!

It's bumpytybump and it's jiggytyjog,
  Journeying on to Bumpville;
It's over the hilltop and down through the bog
  You ride on your way to Bumpville;
It's rattletybang over boulder and stump,
There are rivers to ford, there are fences to jump,
And the corduroy road it goes bumpytybump,
  Mile after mile to Bumpville!

Perhaps you'll observe it's no easy thing
  Making the journey to Bumpville,
So I think, on the whole, it were prudent to bring
  An end to this ride to Bumpville;
For, though she has uttered no protest or plaint,
The calico mare must be blowing and faint—
What's more to the point, I'm blowed if I ain't!
  So play we have got to Bumpville!



This is the way we go to Bumpville.
Did you ever ride to Bumpville?
The road to Bumpville is a rough road.

It goes over fences and stumps.
It goes up hill and down hill.
What do you think of my horse?
The horse is mother's knee.
The reins are mother's arms.
Sometimes I ride very fast.
Sometimes the horse stops still and will not go.
But when the engine says "Toot," the horse rears and jumps.
She prances and dances and tosses her head, until I almost tumble off.
Then she gallops and trots, bumpytybump, jiggityjog, until we get to Bumpville.

NIGHTFALL IN DORDRECHT

The mill goes toiling slowly around
With steady and solemn creak,
And my little one hears in the kindly sound
The voice of the old mill speak.
While round and round those big white wings
Grimly and ghostlike creep,

My little one hears that the old mill sings:
"Sleep, little tulip, sleep!"

The sails are reefed and the nets are drawn,
And, over his pot of beer,
The fisher, against the morrow's dawn,
Lustily maketh cheer;
He mocks at the winds that caper along
From the far-off clamorous deep,—
But we—we love their lullaby song
Of "Sleep, little tulip, sleep!"

Old dog Fritz in slumber sound
Groans of the stony mart—
To-morrow how proudly he'll trot you round,
Hitched to our new milk-cart!
And you shall help me blanket the kine
And fold the gentle sheep,
And set the herring a-soak in brine—
But now, little tulip, sleep.

A Dream-One comes to button the eyes
That wearily droop and blink,
While the old mill buffets the frowning skies
And scolds at the stars that wink;
Over your face the misty wings
Of that beautiful Dream-One sweep,
And rocking your cradle she softly sings:
"Sleep, little tulip, sleep!"

This is Katrina.
Katrina is a little Dutch girl.
She lives in Holland.
Holland is the country of the Dutch.
What is our country?
Katrina's country is not like our country.
See Katrina's queer little white cap.

What queer shoes, too.
They are not like our shoes.
Katrina's shoes are made of wood.
She takes her shoes off when she goes into the house.
Katrina's shoes are not black; they are white.
Her mother scrubs them to make them white.
What do you do to your shoes?

See this beautiful flower.
Do you know what it is?
It looks like a cup.
It is yellow like gold, and red like the sunset.
This red and yellow cup is a tulip.
Many tulips grow in Katrina's garden.
Katrina loves the tulips.
Her father and mother love the tulips.

All the people in Holland love tulips.
How do tulips hold their heads?
Can you hold your head like the tulip?
Sometimes they nod their heads.
Can you nod your head like the tulip?
Do you have tulips in your garden?

A LETTER FROM KATRINA

DEAR LITTLE FRIEND:

Hans and I have a dog. The dog's name is Fritz. Fritz is a big dog. He draws Hans in the cart.

We have some cows; they are black and white. We sell milk. We put the milk-cans in the cart, and Fritz draws it.

Hans has some rabbits, too. I feed them every day. The rabbits run after me.

Every day I sail little boats on the water. The boats are little chips of wood. Do you ever sail chip boats?

Write and tell me what you play.

Your little friend,

KATRINA.

ANOTHER LETTER FROM KATRINA

DEAR LITTLE FRIEND:

I am making a chain for father. I knit it on pins. Did you ever knit a chain?

We have a baby at our house. His name is Hans. Hans is my brother.

I help mother every day. I rock Hans to sleep. I can sew. Can you sew? When mother bakes and churns I help her. Can you bake and churn?

I feed the chickens. When Hans is big he will feed the chickens. When I am big I will buy mother a new lace cap.

Write me a letter and tell me what you do to help your father and mother.

Your little friend,

KATRINA.

Look at this windmill.
Did you ever see a windmill like this?
This is a Dutch windmill.
It belongs to Katrina's father.
There are many, many windmills in Holland.

The people could not do without them.
What great arms this windmill has!
The wind makes the arms go round and round.
When there is just a little wind, the arms go slowly round and round.
But when the wind blows very hard, these great arms go
Whirling,
Swirling,
Twirling,
Faster and faster and faster.
The windmill grinds the corn, saws the wood, and pumps the water for Katrina's father.

Show how the arms of the windmill go, when there is just a little wind.
Show how the arms of the windmill go, when the wind blows very hard.

A queer bird lives in Katrina's country.
It has very long legs, a very long neck, and a long bill.
This long-legged bird is called a stork.
The stork builds its nest on the top of the chimney.
Katrina loves the mother stork and the baby stork.
The people in Holland love all birds.

When night comes the baby storks go to sleep in their nests.

Little Hans goes to sleep in his mother's arms.

She sings a song to him, and calls him her little tulip.

The little one hears the old mill sing:
"Sleep, little tulip, sleep!"

And rocking the cradle, the mother sings:
"Sleep, little tulip, sleep!"

SO, SO, ROCK–A–BY SO!

So, so, rock-a-by so!
Off to the garden where dreamikins grow;
And here is a kiss on your winkyblink eyes,
And here is a kiss on your dimpledown cheek,
And here is a kiss for the treasure that lies
In the beautiful garden 'way up in the skies
Which you seek.
Now mind these three kisses wherever you go—
So, so, rock-a-by so!

There's one little fumfay who lives there, I know,
For he dances all night where the dreamikins grow;
I send him this kiss on your droopydrop eyes,
I send him this kiss on your rosyred cheek.
And here is a kiss for the dream that shall rise
When the fumfay shall dance in those far-away skies
Which you seek.
Be sure that you pay those three kisses you owe—
So, so, rock-a-by so!

And by-low as you rock-a-by go,
Don't forget mother who loveth you so!
And here is her kiss on your weepydeep eyes,
And here is her kiss on your peachypink cheek,
And here is her kiss for the dreamland that lies
Like a babe on the breast of those far-away skies
Which you seek.
The blinkywink garden where dreamikins grow—
So, so, rock-a-by so!

So, so, rock-a-by so!
Baby is going to dreamland.
Dreamland is a far-away land.
There is a beautiful garden in dream-
land.
Baby dreams grow in this garden.
A little fairy lives in the garden.
The fairy takes care of the baby dreams.
When baby goes to dreamland, he takes
three kisses.

Baby has one kiss on his eyes.
He has one kiss on his cheek.
He has one kiss on his chin.
He gives the kisses to the fairy.
The fairy brings the little dreams to baby.
He brings a dream for every kiss.

So, so, rock-a-by so!
Baby is off to dreamland!
"The dreamland that lies
like a babe on the breast
of those far-away skies
Which you seek—
The blinkywink garden where dreamikins grow—
So, so, rock-a-by so!"

FAIRY AND CHILD

Oh, listen, little Dear-My-Soul,
To the fairy voices calling,
For the moon is high in the misty sky
And the honey dew is falling;
To the midnight feast in the clover bloom
The bluebells are a-ringing,
And it's "Come away to the land of fay"
That the katydid is singing.

Oh, slumber, little Dear-My-Soul,
And hand in hand we'll wander—
Hand in hand to the beautiful land
Of Balow, away off yonder;
Or we'll sail along in a lily leaf
Into the white moon's halo—
Over a stream of mist and dream
Into the land of Balow.

Or, you shall have two beautiful wings—
Two gossamer wings and airy,
And all the while shall the old moon smile
And think you a little fairy;
And you shall dance in the velvet sky,
And the silvery stars shall twinkle,
And dream sweet dreams as over their beams
Your footfalls softly tinkle.

Once there was a little child whose name was Dear-My-Soul.

Dear-My-Soul loved the trees and the flowers.

She loved the sky and the sunshine.

Birds and butterflies were her friends.

The crickets sang for her.

The clover and the bluebells bloomed for her.

One night a little fairy came to Dear-My-Soul.

The fairy said, "Come with me to the land of fairies."

The moon smiled down upon them.

The bluebells rang sweetly.

The clover blossoms nodded good-bye.

The fairy and Dear-My-Soul went off into the bright moonlight.

They came to a silvery stream.

There was a little boat in the stream.

The boat was a lily leaf.
Dear-My-Soul and the fairy got into the boat.

They sailed and sailed on the silvery stream, to the misty land of Ba-low.
The fairy gave Dear-My-Soul two beautiful wings.
The moon and stars thought she was a fairy.
She danced all night with the fairies.
They sipped the honey and drank the dew from the flowers.
The stars grew sleepy and hid their eyes.
The birds began to call, the flowers to lift their heads.
It was time for Dear-My-Soul to return from the misty land, back to the bright sunshine.

VOCABULARY

THIS list includes all the words used in the Eugene Field Reader, arranged by pages in the order of their appearance:

PAGE 5

little
boy
blue

PAGE 6

tin
soldier

PAGE 7

toy
dog

PAGE 8

this
is
can
you
see
I
how
do
has
a
cap
his
blouse
red
he
stockings

PAGE 9

the
black
coat
it
gun
fire
no
for
talk
not

PAGE 10

name
Dan
Zip
big

PAGE 11

loves
too
and
bark

PAGE 13

am
my
have
white
bow-wow
to
says

PAGE 14

them
puts
sleep
in
chair
good
night

PAGE 17

with
beat
drum
there
are
two
sticks
they
r-r-rat, etc.

PAGE 18

trumpet
blows
tooty-toot

PAGE 19

girl
flag
our
country
stars
stripes
field
hurrah

PAGE 20

marching
like
come

PAGE 21

children
play
that
way
circle
file

PAGE 22

was
man
who
these
all
hear

PAGE 23

said
straight
heart
their
music
on
people
room
so
will
arms
around
me
sing
songs
tell
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